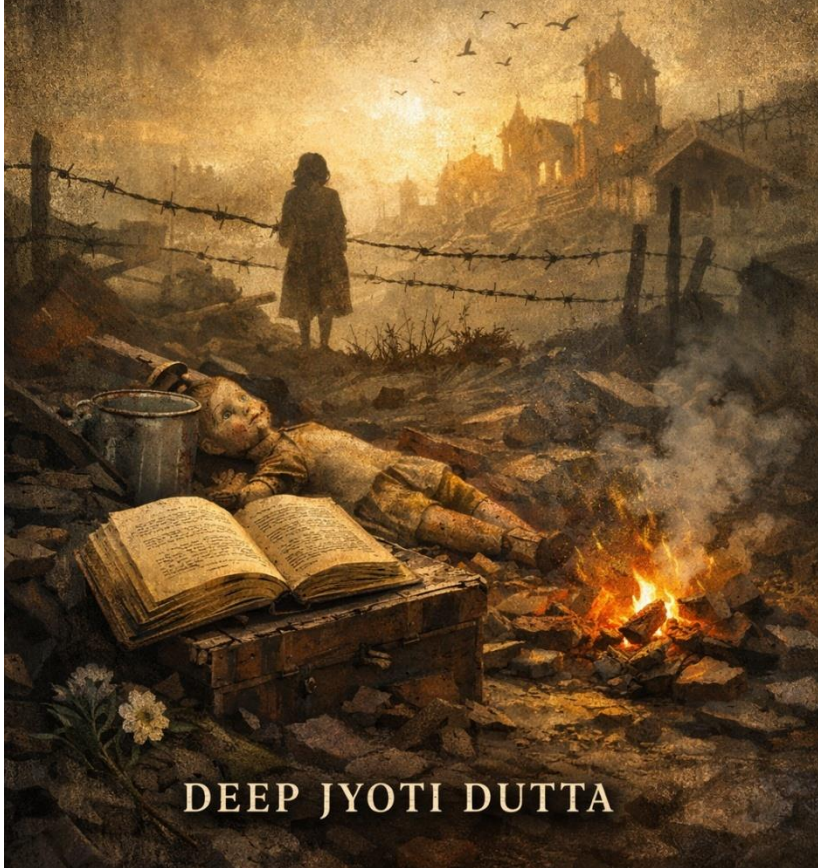


CHRONICLES OF THE DISCARDED



DEEP JYOTI DUTTA

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PREFACE

This book was not written to be loved.
It was written so that what was **discarded would not disappear**.

Chronicles of the Discarded is not a collection of poems in the usual sense. It is an archive of voices that society trained itself not to hear—children without cradles, workers without mercy, sisters chosen by soul rather than blood, believers who prayed and met silence, rebels born not from ideology but from abandonment.

These poems were born in places where language usually fails: beside dustbins and graves, under sirens and sermons, between hunger and faith, between rage and tenderness. They speak in many tones—biblical, archaic, lyrical, furious—not to impress, but because ordinary speech is too small to carry such weight.

This book does not ask who is guilty.
It records **who was thrown away**.

Here, sisterhood is not sentiment but covenant. Faith is not obedience but struggle. Revolution is not theory but memory sharpened into refusal. Love appears again and again—not as romance, but as the last shelter the unwanted build for one another.

These chronicles do not claim purity. They claim truth. Some lines will bruise. Some will pray. Some will accuse God, law, history, and you. That is intentional. The discarded are never gentle in their survival.

If you are comfortable, this book is not for you.
If you have ever been unseen, unchosen, unnamed, or told your pain was excessive—then these pages already know you.

This work stands as testimony:
that what the world throws away does not rot in silence,
that the unwanted remember,
and that even from ash, a voice can rise and refuse erasure.

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POEM I

Let the world remain shy
Don't blame thy deeds
Stretch these arms towards infinite
And play with all weapons

Eyes are art to wonder
To praise the silent future
That has lost its appearance
In the ruthless habits of thunder

Let the world remain shy
Shines with love but to discover
Its essence
Perhaps, no words

Let the world remain shy
A tale that still whispers all round
With a sweet taste of horror
And lasting ashes of evergreen, a gift to all

POEM II

They have wings
So hilarious and amazing
With blind shadow that is still
So pretty that it is alive

Patience that distorts humanity
All fountains shall die
In a blink of an eye
Castle that then lights up
To declare its false beauty

At last, its sunset
Time to return home
I am on my way
And it's great to say goodbye

POEM III

Impure ashes remain of Knights
In the chronicle of ill thunder
Fertile soul of mellifluous September that emits,
And a dream without fashion will doth cheer.
Lady in outcast state shall wonder about sky,
With an eternal course of fairness to doubt
Oscillating heart rejoices this mystery
To declare that perhaps it's a misdoubt
Celestial scene overwhelms in unsettled ground
For the exhibition of a fairy tale
Master of sullen sins fear none but doth stand
And sluttish fools cry from far beyond the vale
Those blooming ceremony, so sparkling,
And proud of truest rank of life so awaking

POEM IV

O day! So sweet thy face
Deserve what thou really are
Doth this flame shall ever vanish?
Great thy green art but must last
And an iron soul to conquer
Past art so crazy to mine,
But tomorrow, of abundance
So unlearn, so sudden but very perfect
Or imperfect perfection
O fire! Shine thy rays
With all increase that thou create

POEM V

Loveth thy marriage not glaciers
Bare deathbed outcome of barks
Bluest horror define wedlock, lights
Such scary seal the ashes, man of tide

Storm self harm be rest choirs
In mine shall perform fire
Shall hemlock return Socrates?
In consume, in arrow, in cold
It fails leave ere long

POEM VI

Eyes that taught grace
Will fall falcon to wonder
So inhostile faith often intent to life
In a war action full melody
Verse of breath shall impair mine
I thought part to prison vows
Never ideal so robust

Progress shall consider not prove
Kiss English thy fame fathom shine
Mess of disbelief shall die ever?
Oh farewell force of stony ideas
Beware the ides of self.

POEM VII

O mine sweet angel of Luve
Grant me to cease in thy hub
Lift up mine desire in thy lap
O fair-heart, lock me in thy map

POEM VIII

Miss not thou', be untrue in tale
Knoweth, true if, then dwell I in hell
Fair art thou, virtue thy deeds
All orisons mine, for thou breeds
And dial so vivid, yum- yum like meal
O! Thy hour, birth bell that vowed mortals to heal

POEM IX

Bro's fate favored not his even mortal
As life's poetic fate proudly chortle
Lies flatten but drenched all blood
At all last "What a Sight!" uttered upon spot cold eve-
Bird

Lovely Sis, thou healer of bloom
Hast Knoweth not clue her hero's doom
Shame upon Law, but an autopsy does remind
Man's wicked eye how blind

That night corpse's stretcher wide
At healer's-cottage dost arrive
Lady Sis at glimpse first lost sense
Dean's fiery rage ever not to condense

O brutal post-mortem, "cardiac-stop"
Uttered She upon completion, and went abode's atop
Weep not but a fatal vault, O sweet deaden!
She's way on to kiss her victor once again in heaven

POEM X

Oh, dearest soul, in verses I shall weave,
A tale of love, selfless and pure, conceive.
My heart, entwined with bonds of kindest love,
For thee, my sister, gifted from above.

In realms where time and fate doth shine,
A tale of sacrifice, this heart of mine.
My fairy, dear, whose laughter rings so clear,
Thy joy, my purpose, my soul's frontier.

Through vales, oh deep, and mountains very high,
I'd explore far 'beneath every azure sky,
To shield thee from life's cruel harshness wide,
My love for thee, a constant, faithful guide.

In dawn's soft glow and twilight's lovely hue,
Thy presence, a beacon, forever true.
Thy innocence, a crown of hope no darkness mars,
Within thy light, resides mine celestial stars.

Thy laughter, melody that sweetly sings,
With every beat, my heart, in rapture springs.
In sacrifice, I'd lay my dreams to rest,
To grant thee peace, in my love, be all blessed.

For what am I if not thy guardian true?
My love, a vest, against all that may ensue.
In selfless acts, my devotion's tale unfolds,
My sister, treasured more than purest gold.

Though tempests rage and trials assail,
My vow to thee, unwavering, shall prevail.
For in thy smile, I find my purpose clear,
To guard thy happiness, to hold thee near.

The echoes of our bond shall ne'er depart,
Engraved in time, inseparable, our hearts.
My sister, thou art my soul's eternal fire,
In love's embrace, our spirits shall aspire.

So let this verse so epic be forever tell,
Of love profound, no mortal speech can quell.
For thee, my sister, in heavenly grace,
I'd sacrifice all, to witness thy ever smiling face.

POEM XI

In yonder room, my sister's voice doth sound,
A call so sweet, it doth my senses bind.
Her words, though small, they carry great a weight,
Impossible to ignore, they penetrate.
No ear can block, no distance keep apart,
Her call, once heard, forever in my heart

POEM XII

Upon Christ's scarlet altar of Heaven's grace,
Resides the sanctity, a celestial embrace.
Where seraphs hymn and cherubs dance in light,
Amidst celestial radiance, pure and bright.

The firmament adorned with celestial hues,
Where splendor reigns, and purity imbues.
Each soul a pilgrim in this sacred place,
Bathed in His love, adorned with divine grace.

Thus, on this altar, fervent prayers ascend,
Unto the heavens, where love shall never end

POEM XIII

In halls of power, the lords do dwell,
Their feasts adorned, their pleasures swell.
While common folk, in shadows grim,
Feel hunger's pang, life's prospects dim.
Unyielding ministers, fat with pride,
Turn deafened ears, to woes outside.
No solace for the orphan's tear,
No mercy in the ruler's sphere

POEM XIV

Beneath the shroud, innocence betrayed,
Orphaned souls, in shadows swayed.
Amidst the tumult, bombs did descend,
Nazi's cruelty, a bleak, heartless end.
In orphanages, where once hope did spring,
Laughter's echoes fade, in sorrow's wing.
Tiny hearts, torn from tender hold,
Lost to the cruel grasp, in history's cold
Millions of babes, their cries ne'er heard,
By hate's fierce grip, their fate interred.
Yet in memory's keep, they'll ever dwell,
In solemn homage, their tales we tell

POEM XV

Lost and forgotten, a name unknown,
Cradled by darkness, unloved, alone.
Yet in the dust, a heartbeat cries,
Yearning for love beneath silent skies.
— **A Soul from Dustbin**

POEM XVI

Every blood they spill,
Soaks the earth with wrath unchained,
Where the sun once kissed the soil,
Now it bathes in crimson rain.
Not in sorrow—but in fury,
Not in grief—but in flame,
For every drop they rip from us,
Shall rise and curse their name.
Every blood they spill,
Is a seed in workers' veins,
Watered by the tears of widows,
Blooming into iron chains.
Chains that rattled once in terror,
Now strike anvils into spears,
And the factories they profited from,
Shall forge their final fears.
Every blood they spill,
Screams from trenches cold and deep,
Where comrades fell with rifles clenched,
And mothers forgot to weep.
The bayonets they thrust in us,
Are spades to dig their graves,
For our dead will breathe through rifles,
And our martyrs will be saved.
Every blood they spill,
Shall not dissolve in rain or mud,
It will thunder through the cannon's mouth,
It will weld our hearts with blood.

It will burn their golden mansions,
It will drown their crown and cross,
For from each vein they rupture,
Ten thousand fists will rise in loss.
Every blood they spill,
Writes the manifesto's word,
On shattered walls and broken bones,
On banners torn but heard.
It writes with steel upon the sky,
With fire upon the land,
And in the hearts of revolution,
It signs its name with calloused hands.
Every blood they spill,
Is a promise we engrave—
That the workers' clenched red fist,
Shall burst from every grave.
No tyrant shall hold dominion,
No oppressor shall remain,
For with every blood they spill—
We shall wash the world of chains.

POEM XVII

You are not born of my mother's womb,
yet you dwell in the deepest chamber of my heart.
You are my blood, my very life, though no vein binds
us;
you are my world, though no world could contain
you.
In your smile, I see warmth enough to heal my scars.
In your laughter, I hear the echo of my lost childhood.
You are the calm after my storms,
the gentleness I never found in this rough world.
You are my little sister — not by chance,
but by choice, by soul, by divine design.
When I call you *Christiana*,
I speak the name of my peace, my light, my reason to
stand strong.
If ever the world turns cruel,
remember — your brother's heart beats beside
yours.
No ocean, no time, no fate can unmake what love has
made.

POEM XVIII

Born of no name, no claim, no kin,
Cast out to die by a roadside bin.
The moon bore witness, the stars turned away,
A scream unheard in the cradle of decay.
What gods did not weep for this child forlorn?
What laws bind a world where such life is torn?
The dustbin, a womb of steel and trash,
Cradled the breath of a life set to crash.
Oh, society! Your veils of virtue are lies,
Your temples and towers a thief's disguise.
You preach of compassion in silvered halls,
Yet let infants rot by your brick-stained walls.
A rebel must rise where justice is mute,
Where truth is buried, and mercy's a brute.
Let the rust of the bin infect the elite,
Let the cries of the child storm every street.
Strip the masks from their pious faces,
Burn their thrones and their gilded spaces.
For the child is a symbol, raw and true,
Of a world that dies while the few accrue.
Let fire and fury cleanse this land,
Till no child's fate lies in filth unmanned.
Rise, you voiceless! Tear down the reign!
This dustbin child shall not die in vain.
Hungry for justice, we shatter the lie,
A child abandoned shall teach us to defy.

POEM XIX

Eighteen springs of youth, a storm untamed,
With fervent heart, it strides through fields of fire,
Each dawn a challenge, every dusk unblamed,
Its pulse a drum, its dreams a ceaseless choir.

No fear can bind the spirit born so free,
No chains can hold its restless, eager soul,
It dares the winds, defies the angry sea,
For at eighteen, the world is but a scroll.

The flame of courage burns without a pause,
And in its blaze, the night itself retreats,
Unyielding hands that grasp at every cause,
Unfaltering feet that tread the perilous streets.

Eighteen knows no defeat, nor bows to strife,
For in its veins, the purest pulse of life.

POEM XX

In fields of toil, where peasants bend their backs,
And common folk, with labor's heavy tax,
Doth strive from dawn till dusk, their sweat a stream,
In harsh and brutal empires, they toil and dream.
The rich, as mad beasts, with gluttony do feast,
While peasants starve, their hunger never ceased.
In chains of poverty, they labor on,
No respite found until life's light is gone.
O world! Thou art a cruel master, cold,
Where none but woe and misery unfold.
No care, no cure for the weary soul,
In bleakness deep, they bear their heavy toll.
Yet in their hearts, a spark of hope remains,
That one day, liberty shall release their deadly chains.
Though now they suffer 'neath oppression's rod,
Their spirit strong shall rise and reign with God.

POEM XXI

Oh maiden fair, with eyes aglow,
Will thee accept this plea I throw?
In tender words, my heart doth twist,
With earnest hope, I do insist:
Wilt thou, sweet lass, my sister be,
In bonds of kin, forever free?
Together walk through joys and strife,
As siblings true, throughout this life
So dearest one, I humbly plea,
Will thou, fair maiden, sister be?

POEM XXII

In days of yore, in land of woe and strife,
A tale unfolds of Anastasia fair,
Orphaned at mere three months, bereft of life,
Yet fate had mercy, sent a soul to care.

A vagabond, by war's cruel hand bereaved,
Lost kin to battles in the Great War's fray,
In dustbin's depths, he found her, undeceived,
A fragile blossom in the world's dismay.

With tender heart, he claimed her as his own,
A bond of blood, though not by birth's decree,
To church they went, where blessings sweet were
sown,
And Christ above looked down with grace to see.

He toiled and bled to nourish her so frail,
His sweat and tears, his very life he gave,
For her sweet smile, he'd brave the darkest gale,
His little Heaven's gift, his soul to save.

Through trials deep, their love did ever grow,
A brother's vow to shield her from all harm,
In joy or woe, through sunshine or through snow,
His love for her a beacon bright and warm.

Though life may dim and trials may assail,
Their bond endures, a tale of love untold,
For in her smile, he finds his Holy Grail,

His Anastasia, worth more than a billion gold

POEM XXIII

In democracy's embrace, shadows linger long,
Bound by ballots, the silent sing no song.
Chains of choices, their voices often mute,
In freedom's name, some find a bitter fruit.

POEM XXIV

In sorrow's shroud, my soul doth deeply grieve,
No glimmer of hope, no respite to retrieve,
Even God's ear, my fervent plea bypass,
In anguish, I dwell, lost in despair's morass,
No solace found in prayer's persistent cry,
Alone I falter, beneath a desolate sky

POEM XXV

O my life's sweet Fairy
Thy depart stole mine cardiac rhythm
O Fairy of Heaven, thou return, come right
In to my soul
Reincarnate mine fallen spirit
O mine pride, lift me up from eternal fire
O mine Good Lord, to thee I beseech
Command Her to call up me again
That moment, when I embraced Her,
First and last, when we ate Lord's Noel Feast
Jointly, is inexpressible in words
How can anyone say the feeling of Life in words?
But O! Beauty mine breath to count not more of three
Oh mine dear Almighty send my Angel,
Mine blood, my Fairy Butterfly
Before mine poisonous death consumes me to hell